

THE ARIZONA

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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NO. 24.

BIOGRAPHY.

BENAVIDES, THE PIRATE.

The history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Concepcion Island, and served for some time in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the Battle of Maypo in 1818. He was of a ferocious character, and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to death, along with his brother, and other delinquents. Accordingly the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gullinagos, a species of vulture. The sergeant who superintended this last part of the ceremony was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a neighboring cottage, the generous inhabitants of which received and attended him with the greatest care.

General San Martin, who was at that time planning the expedition to Peru, and was looking for able and enterprising men, heard of Benavides being still alive; and knowing his talents and courage, considered him a fit person to serve some of his desperate purposes in those trying times, when, to gain the great object in view, there was little scrupulousness about the means. It is said that the bold ruffian himself gave information of his being alive, and invited San Martin to hold a secret conference at midnight, in the centre of a great square of Santiago. The appointed signal was to strike fire with their flints three times; a mark sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose of distinction, yet of a nature calculated to excite no suspicion. San Martin accordingly alone, and provided with a brace of pistols, went to the spot, where he encountered Benavides similarly armed. After a long conference with the desperado, whom he finally engaged in his service, he settled that Benavides should for the present, serve in the Chilian army, employed against the Arancanian Indians in the south, but should be ready to join the army in Peru, when the expedition sailed. This was ill-judged in San Martin; for Benavides soon quarrelled with the Chilian general, and once more changed sides, offering his services to the Indians, who were delighted to obtain so brave and unrelenting an associate. In a short time, his experience and congenial ferocity gave him so great an ascendancy among this warlike race, that he was elected commander-in-chief.

In this capacity he took various ships and the crews prisoners; for Benavides, though unquestionably a ferocious savage, was, nevertheless, a man of resource, full of activity,

and of considerable energy of character. He converted the whale spears and harpoons, into lances for his cavalry, and halberts for his sergeants: the carpenters he set to building baggage carts, and repairing his boats; the armourers he kept perpetually at work, mending muskets, and making pikes. He treated the officers too (prisoners) not unkindly; he allowed them to live in his own house, and was very anxious on all occasions, to have their advice respecting the equipment of his troops. On an occasion, when walking with the captain of the Herselia, he remarked that his army was now almost complete in every thing, except in one essential particular; and it cut him, he said, to the soul, to think of such a deficiency; he had no trumpets for the cavalry; and added that it was utterly impossible to make the fellows believe themselves dragoons, unless they heard a blast in their ears in every turn; and neither man nor horse would ever do their duty properly, if not roused by the sound of a trumpet; in short, he declared that some device must be hit on to supply this equipment. The captain, willing to ingratiate himself with the pirate, and after a little reflection, suggested to him that trumpets might easily be made out of the copper sheets nailed on the bottom of the ships he had taken. Very true, cried the delighted chief; how came I not to think of that before? Instantly all hands were employed in ripping off the copper, and the armourers being set to work under his personal superintendence, the whole camp, before night, resounded with the warlike blasts of the cavalry.—The captain of the ship, who had given him the brilliant idea of the copper trumpets, had, by these means, so far won his good will and confidence, as to be allowed a considerable range to walk in. He of course, was always looking out for some plan of escape; and at length an opportunity occurring, he, with the mate of the Ocean, and nine of his own crew, seized two whale boats, imprudently left on the banks of the river, and rowed off. Before quitting the shore, they took the precaution of staving all the other boats, to prevent pursuit, and, accordingly, though their escape was immediately discovered, they succeeded in getting so much the start of the people whom Benavides sent after them, that they reached St. Mary's Island in safety.

This astonishing man was at last taken, and met with the reward, which, sooner or later must follow the deeds of blood which men of his nature commit. In pursuance to sentence passed on the 21st of February, 1822, he was dragged from the prison in a pannier tied to the tail of a mule, and was hanged in the great square. His head and hands were afterwards cut off, in order to their being placed on high poles, to point out the places of his horrid crimes, Sana, Juana, Torpellanca, and Aronco.

STANZA.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall;
See to the last, last verge her infant steals!
Oh, fly!—yet stir not! speak not! lest it fall!
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF TENDERNESS.

An instance of female tenderness was related to me but the day before yesterday, which, (though it occurred some years ago) as it exhibits the distinguished tenderness of soul, of one of our country women, should not pass unnoticed. My informant was residing on the spot where the occurrence took place, and his relation may be implicitly relied on. It was the first time I had ever heard the story, and it may be as new to many of your readers as it was to me.

"On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

Envy, and the thousand baleful passions that disgrace humanity, are continually active to obscure perfections which their possessors cannot emulate. Thus the public is surfeited with scandal and defamation; while virtue is left to pine in obscurity, unnoticed and unknown.

On the Fourth of July, 1821, the army and naval officers of the United States, residing at Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, commemorating the birth-day of our National Independence, fired the customary salutes of artillery. It was now near the close of day, and the loud cannon sent its reverberating thunders over hill and dale. At the moment when the match was presented to one of the pieces, a young man, in dizzy excitement of the moment, rushed forward to thrust a club into the mouth of one of the cannon—at the same instant the charge went off, taking with it both his arms to the shoulders, and putting out both his eyes. Thus in an instant were all his flattering visions annihilated. He who a moment previous looked forward to the world before him with calm and manly confidence in his own energy and resources, now lay helpless on the ground, writhing with physical pain, and tortured with mental anguish. O quantum mutatus ab illo! Cut off from all the solaces of life, and yet still doomed to live; the warm grasp of friendship, the smile of affection, the tear of sympathy, shall never again revisit him in his long night of sorrow.

At sight of a spectacle too painfully affecting, every bosom swelled with compassionate sorrow—for the heart of a brave man is the theme of sensibility. They raised him from the ground, and bore him bleeding in their arms to his residence, which was not far distant. A female came out to receive him. It was his sister. When she saw her brother, covered with blood, mutilated, sightless and nearly inanimate—the crowd of friends who followed with bleeding hearts and surrounded the suffering youth, stood unnoticed before her—her eyes were riveted only upon one object dear to her heart, her soul filled and agitated only with one emotion, nature oppressed with the dreadful tumult of feeling—could endure no more; she yielded herself up to womanly sorrow, and in the touching accents of sympathising tenderness and grief, she exclaimed,—“Good gracious! if that an't the new shirt I made for him last week.”

HOPE.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence in that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.—We have seen various extracts from this new publication, which, to judge from them, appears to have been greatly overrated. So far from being a history of the London Clubs, that title seems to have been assumed by the author, merely for the purpose of passing off a long list of miscellaneous anecdotes of various literary characters, some of which he has picked up from personal observation, and others from mere hearsay—and as such, are not to be believed. The extracts which have been published may be safely taken as fair specimens of the whole book—because the best parts of a new book are generally selected by editors in preference to the worst. A few of these we present to our readers—not because they are worth inserting, but as indicating the character of the work.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

There is no place in the world so famous for the number, variety, and peculiar character of its clubs as England. Under different denominations, these truly indigenous assemblies may be tracked through its domestic histories for centuries; but first, we believe, assumed something like a decided sociality in the earlier part of the 18th century. At that period, or rather we should say, towards the close of the 17th century, the famous Kit Cat-Club first started into existence, and numbered among its members the names of all the wits and sages about the town, who held their periodical meetings at a tavern somewhere in the neighbourhood of Highgate. This was followed by the Scribblers Club, consisting of Swift—that prince of grave irony, Arbuthnot, whose John Bull and sister Peg will alone be sufficient to immortalize him—Pope, whose excellencies we need not here enumerate—Gay, the author of these two complimentary lines to Swift—(the most so of any we ever saw:)—

"Through the long strand together let us stray,
With thee conversing, I forget the way."

Parnell, a clergyman, moral, but prosy—Mr. Secretary Cragg—and Harley, the Politician and the patron. The Club possessed every excellence, but that of easy gracefulness. There was abundance of information afloat among its associates, but little or no nature. Wit in those days, like dress, was somewhat stiff and formal; it savoured powerfully of the schools, and perpetually wore a drag-chain. We draw this conclusion from the glimpse we have been enabled to obtain of the record conversation of the Scribblers Club, as well as from Hawkesworth's edition of Swift, in which what is meant to be the familiar correspondence and easy badinage of its members, turns out a very serious and elaborate affair. On the death of these noted wits a new era in literature, of which Johnson was organized at the Essex Head, where Burke, Reynolds, Lord Charlemont, Goldsmith, (the gem of Boswell's Biography,) Fox, Sheridan, and Gibbon—the sententious, sarcastic Gibbon, whom Johnson never forgave for calling him an "ugly dog," put their minds into dishabille, and gave unrestrained vent to their fancy. This by all accounts, must have been the most delightful club ever instituted. Every department of intellect—law, romance, divinity, comedy, poetry, the fine arts, history satire, philosophy, oratory—all lent their strength to the convivial board, untrammelled by the learned and cumbersome character of the former club. With Johnson, however, its glories in some degree expired; he was the moving spirit, the Coryphæus of the assembly; when he died, the chain that bound it together snapped and was never afterwards united. Politics called off Burke, the beauties of Lausanne protracted the absence of Gibbon, law bound Lord Stowell hand and foot, Reynolds became deaf and

prosy, Sheridan fashionable, Fox indifferent. Shortly afterwards a new club which, by way of stimulus, partook of a political character, was instituted, and contended to the present day, when there are scarcely a dozen great names to give it lustre. Of this club, well known by the name of Brook's, our author has given a truly animated account. He has ushered us into its *sanctum sanctorum*, has shown us its members seated at their different boards and bid us listen to the varieties of their chit-chat. Rogers, Sir James M'Intosh, (of whose powers a most diverting story is told,) Curran, Erskine, Sheridan, Lord Ashburton, and above all Fitzgerald, Figure, with particular eclat in all his pages. The execution of this last bully, who was convicted of the murder of an attorney, is thus ably related:—

"The scaffolding erected before the new goal, which was then building, was fixed upon as a gallows; for Fitzgerald and his companions; for the authorities were afraid of taking time in the construction of any other. The rope was accordingly fastened round a flat board, and the ladder placed under it.—As soon as Fitzgerald arrived, he was surrounded by no less than four clergymen, each of a different persuasion; and all of course anxious for the conversion of so great a sinner. Though terribly hurried in his devotions—for until sentence was passed he never thought of such a thing—the poor fellow contrived after his arrival, to go through *Doctor Dodd's Thoughts in Prison*, his *Last Prayer*, &c. and answered some questions on spiritual subjects as calmly as circumstances would permit; but he became terribly agitated when the executioner made preparations for pushing him off the ladder. When he perceived this, he earnestly entreated the Sheriff to grant him but five minutes to live; which being granted, he pulled the cap over his face, and resigned himself to silent prayer. Being at length told that the time was elapsing fast, he replied, "Sure, sir, It is not so long!—Stop! stop! I have just collected myself—for God's sake let me die in peace!—pray grant me just one min—" Before he had finished this last petition, the executioner threw him off the ladder.

"As if the last scene of this singular man's life was destined to be as singular as any which had preceded it, an accident now occurred which might have harrowed up the feelings of his most inveterate enemies. By the sudden jerk on the sharp edges of the flat board, at the instant of the swing off, the rope broke, and Fitzgerald fell on his shoulder, upon the ground, from a great height. The multitude uttered a cry of horror; the unfortunate criminal soon recovered himself, and, standing erect, exclaimed, "By—, Mr. Sheriff, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!—this rope is not strong enough to hang a dog, far less a christian; but it is impossible but you must have known that. I beg, Sir, that you will get a better one, and that without delay."

"His ghostly advisers surrounded him whilst a new rope was getting ready, and the holy eagerness of each to inculcate his own particular doctrines perhaps, in some degree, lessened the pangs which he must have suffered during the terrible suspense caused by so untoward an accident. When the new rope was placed around his neck, he was requested to ascend the ladder higher than before; but this he refused to do, alleging, 'that by the next tumble he might break his neck.' Being again thrown off, the second rope nearly met with the same fate of the first; for it stretched so far as to let his feet touch the ground—which they actually did for some time, until the executioner drew him up with great diffi-

culty about a foot and a half, when he was strangled and put out of his misery."

DOMESTIC SILK.—From the late numbers of the Cincinnati Chronicle, it appears that a person, named William Butler, is engaged in rearing silk worms in that state, on an extensive scale; and that a quantity of sewing silk, handsomely colored, fine, even, and strong as any imported, has been offered for sale by him in Cincinnati. The editor of the Chronicle, in commenting on the subject, observes, that every experiment which has yet been made in Ohio upon the culture of silk has given satisfactory proof that the soil and climate are admirably adapted to the growth both of the mulberry and the worm; that it only requires a little enterprise upon the part of the citizens to make the manufacture of silk in that state a source of great wealth; and that the article might be made to the Miami country, what cotton is to the southern states.

Tragedy Realized and Tyranny Avenged.

—The following most extraordinary scene of tragedy is reported to have occurred upon the stage in Sweden, in the reign of King John the second.—The prince having commanded the performance of the 'Mystery of Passions,' the actor who performed Longinus, carried away by enthusiasm, actually killed the person who was nominated to act with him; and who, in the struggles of death, suffocated the female who represented the Magdalen. The intemperate character of the Prince led him to rush from his seat, and with one blow of his scimitar, he severed the head of Longinus from his shoulders; but the spectators of that rude period, from vexation of being deprived of a favorite amusement, or shocked at the conduct of their sovereign, precipitated themselves upon the stage, and beheaded the monarch upon the spot.

The price of a Bible in 1274.—In that year the price of a small Bible neatly written was 30*l*; which sum no doubt, was equal to 200*l* of our money. A good bible may now be had for two or three shillings! It is said that the building of two arches of London Bridge cost only 25*l*., which is 5*l* less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards. Of what incalculable value is the art of PRINTING?

The following touching effusion is from a little volume entitled "My Early Days," by Walter Ferguson, Esq.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come:
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one.
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift—that, when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoff in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne.
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—Remember, boy!

PATHETIC NARRATIVE.—The remarkable fine bells of the Limerick Cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native, (whose name tradition has not preserved) and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm of a fallen land, the Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost all; and after the passing of the storm, he found himself preserved alone amidst the wreck of fortune, friends, family and home. The convent in which the bells were hung was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land. The owner haunted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland—proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the port of Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat at the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native skies in the sweetest time in the year, the dearth of spring. The broad stream was like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amidst the general stillness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral—the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, were all in the sound;—and went to the heart. When the rowers looked around, they beheld his face still towards the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed—they found him cold.

A YOUNGER SISTER.—My youthful sister, Kate—the beauty of our family—the pet—though at years of womanhood, the plaything of the whole house; full of youth, and joy, and brightness; who that has once seen her does not bless the faculty of memory, were it only for the power it gives him of recalling the lovely vision that has flitted before him. That bright hazel eye, shining in a light of its own, the emanation of a mind full of the wildest imagination, the keenest perception of the ludicrous; that perfect mouth, constantly breaking into dimples, or curling with the prettiest scorn; that clear, animated complexion, varying incessantly through all shades allied to rose-color, from the faintest tint of flesh-color, to the deepest carnation; that arching neck, which seems made expressly to toss gracefully the haughty little head; how appropriate are all these to that anomalous creature, a coquette by birth!—Yes, I am convinced Kate brought her coquetry into the world with her. She has a good stock of affections too; but then they are lavished on parents and other natural claimants, and all the warmth of her heart is expended in this direction. She once had a three months' preference for a youth, whose kindred spirit made

his dark eyes actually dance in the splendour of their own sunshine. Circumstances separated them; and a month afterwards Kate was moving thro' the usual *pirouette* of existence as lightly as ever. She remembered him occasionally still, with a sigh so blended with a laugh, you could scarcely understand whether she is melancholy or jesting. She scorns all thought of loving—that is, of being in love, with a most Beatrice like disdain; but she means to marry for all that, she says.—A thorough-paced woman of the world, matrimonially bent, could not sport a happier latitude of indifference to youth or age than my lovely or experienced sister. The medium through which she views the attractions of her various admirers, is their rent roll; not that she is insensible to a difference in personal appearance, or in pleasing manners, but she has a keener perception of the distinction between three ciphers and four, in the annual amount of a man's receipts, inasmuch as she comprehends that this must materially affect the modicum appropriated to his wife's expenditure. Doubtless Kate will marry advantageously, and I am not sure whether her chance of happiness, or comfort, is not greater than if some of her sensibilities were keener. Once united for life to a man of sufficient weight to allow her to respect him, she has too much sense even to mar his felicity or her own by unbecoming levity, or the indulgence of her sarcastic humors. If she is somewhat irascible, she is extremely placable; if she is quick at repartee, she is at the same time abundant in the tact which feels, in a moment, the point beyond which she must venture. Altogether, a man may marry Kate, without rendering his discretion questionable. That is to say, if he have tolerable temper and kindness.

THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.—The following description of the place where rest the remains of the sage of Monticello, will be gratifying to the lovers of American Independence.

"I ascended the winding road, which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello. The path leads to a circuitous ascent of about two miles up the miniature mountain, to the farm and the grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand and nearly unlimited view opens to the thickly wooded hills and fertile vallies, which stretch out on either side. The University, with its dome, porticoes, and colonnade, looks like a fair city in the plain;—Charlottesville seems to be directly beneath. No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness, and seclusion. The house is noble in its appearance; two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are neatly furnished and embellished with statues, busts, portraits and natural curiosities. The grounds and out-houses have been neglected.—Mr. Jefferson's attention being absorbed from such personal concerns by the cares attendant on the superintendence of the University which, when in health, he visited daily since its erection commenced.

"At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet, shaded spot, the visiter sees a square enclosure, surrounded by a low, unmortared stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate. This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs, and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery, is the resting place of

the patriot and philosopher. When I saw it, the vault was just arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which is to cover it. May it ever continue like Washington's, without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for, when we or our posterity, need any other memento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscription on paper, wood or stone, gorgeous tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to consecrate their remembrance in the hearts of our citizens, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe to them."

FOR THE ARIEL. ODDS AND ENDS—NO 2.

EPITAPH ON JOHN DRYDEN,

By the Bishop of Rochester.

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
There fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already, Praise would make him less.

Pope's Works.

ON MILTON.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd—
The next in majesty: in both the last,
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she join'd the former two.

ON MR. GAY.

In Westminster Abbey, 1732.

In manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor tempering virtuous rage,
Proud to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honors! Not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with Heroes or with Kings thy dust—
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, here lies Gay.

Pope's Works.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster Abbey.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said—"Let Newton be!" and all was light.—B.

BACKBITING.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized and not defends,
Sports with their fame and speaks what'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales and brings his friend in disesteem;
That man's a knave—do thou beware of him.—Hor.

TEMPERANCE.

Tho' I look old, yet am I strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Shakespeare.

NIGHT.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head:
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful Light.

Pope's Homer.

BEAUTY.

What is the blooming tincture of a skin
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No, those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But there these only can that heart retain.

Roscoe's Art of Charming.

He that loves God, thinks himself blest in the opportunity of doing work, as well as in receiving wages.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1828.

Those subscribers to the Ariel who wish their volumes neatly bound at the end of the year, by leaving them at the office, can have them done for thirty-one cents.

A large number of new subscribers to the Ariel have been received within the last month, all desiring that the numbers from the beginning may be forwarded to them. This we are unable to do, because there are none in the office, except a few straggling numbers, which are of no use but to complete a broken volume; their names have all been placed on our books as subscribers to the second volume, and the monies remitted are placed to their credit on that volume.

Such of our subscribers as have lost, or never received their numbers regularly, and are desirous to have the first volume completed and bound, will be *gratuitously* supplied with the missing numbers if application be made before the first of May.

WM. P. M. WOOD.—A fellow by this name, without any kind of authority, has made himself busy for some time past, in collecting money from our subscribers to the Ariel in various parts of N. J. and putting it into his pocket. He has represented himself as being well acquainted with me, and that he was an agent for the work. He is a printer by trade; and this notice is published, in order to caution subscribers from paying any money to the said fellow on my account, as well as to give printers generally an insight into the said Wood's character.

The copy rights of the works of Sir Walter Scott were sold at auction in one lot, and purchased by a partner of the late Mr. Constable for 8500 pounds.

CHARLES WEST THOMSON, Esq. of this city, has issued proposals for publishing "THE SYLPH, and other Poems"—price fifty cents.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE ARIEL,
To commence, May 1, 1828.

On the 5th of May, 1827, the first number of the ARIEL was handed to the public. It was commenced with but a limited number of subscribers, and yet, without the editor's being aware that it possessed any peculiar merit, it has increased within one year, to such an extent as to warrant the printing of FOUR THOUSAND COPIES. This large number has all been subscribed for; and many orders are now on hand, requesting the numbers from the beginning, which we are not able to supply. To all such, we shall send the paper from the first number of the second volume.

The very low price at which the ARIEL has been issued, may be considered a principal reason for its great success. The engravings which it has contained may also be assigned as another. Throughout its first year, it has been the editor's desire to maintain its character as respectable as it was at first. The quality of the paper on which it has been printed, is uniform—in this there has been no depreciation. In the matter which it has contained, some deterioration may have been discovered, especially at a certain period, when the editor met with an accident to which even the best of us are liable—namely, that of getting married. No general encouragement has been held out to the mass of idle scribblers, for their productions: the ARIEL, therefore, has not been deluged with a flood of that vapid originality which, as we stated in our prospectus, we considered the crying sin of most literary publications. The consequence has been, that the editor has had to depend upon his own feeble powers, and a few sensible correspondents, for what original matter has been published. As to the selections, they were the best which the country afforded, and were given because they pleased us, had pleased some, and because we hoped they would please others.

If its cheapness has been any inducement with per-

sons to subscribe, our list for the next volume will much exceed four thousand; for we intend to issue it at a still cheaper rate. We shall continue its form of eight pages every other Saturday. The type, however, will be of smaller size; by which means we shall be enabled to crowd in nearly double the quantity of reading matter which it now contains. *Minion* type (such as this) and *Nonpareil*, (such as the notes to correspondents are set in) will be principally used. Not a solitary advertisement shall haunt our columns; first, because they have no business there, and second, because they never fail to draw down inverted blessings from every reader, who considers his rights infringed by the introduction of them. In place of giving engravings occasionally, as heretofore, they will appear regularly, in every third number—thus giving eight quarto plates annually. Additional efforts will be made, to render the work more interesting to its readers, by the publication of smart things from the best foreign journals, and such pithy items as have been found arranged under the various heads of "Things in General," "Olio," "Humorous," &c.

As the additions thus to be made will necessarily put the editor to much extra expense, the price for the future, will be one dollar and fifty cents per year. It will then—when its small type, fine paper, and its splendid engravings are considered, be the cheapest publication of any kind in the United States. In England, such a paper could not be procured for less than six dollars a year.

An edition of more than four thousand copies, will be printed from the beginning, in order to supply those who may subscribe after the first of May. The first number of volume 2, will be issued on the 3d of May.

It is particularly desired by the editor that those subscribers who may not wish to continue at one dollar and fifty cents will immediately inform us of their wish to decline. When but one paper goes to a post office where there is no agent, we suggest to such subscribers the propriety of procuring a friend to take another copy, so that a three dollar note can be remitted in payment for both. The price will continue uniformly one dollar and fifty cents, and will not again be increased.

To the many gentlemen, post masters, and others, who have volunteered their services in procuring us subscribers, we tender our sincere thanks. To our editorial brethren, who have honored our little ARIEL with a favorable notice, we feel much indebted. Many of them have increased the favor by continuing to exchange with us.

Any gentleman who will procure seven subscribers to the second volume, and remit us ten dollars, shall receive the eighth copy for his trouble.

It is desirable that our agents in the several places where they reside, should forward us the subscription for the second volume by the first of May. To those who have already procured six subscribers to the first volume, the work will continue to be sent gratis.

One principal reason for continuing the Ariel semi-monthly is, that more time is allowed to collect and prepare matter. The hurry which frequently attends the selection of matter for a weekly paper, operates against the readers. And again, the postage will be one half.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—In your Ariel of the 8th inst. you have quoted a paragraph from the Quarterly Journal, in which it is stated that 2000 churches remain in a destitute condition, and among other denominations the Methodists are mentioned as being in a state of destitution;—Will you have the goodness to inquire where the said Methodist churches are located? as we are ignorant of the fact. SEVERAL METHODISTS.

Newark, March 12, 1828.

We can give our correspondent no information on the subject in question. He appears to be aware that the article came originally from the Quarterly Review, whence it was extracted by us. The Editor of the Quarterly is therefore the proper person to whom application should be made, as he first promulgated the statement.—Ed. Ariel.

TO THE EDITOR.

I am like yourself, prejudiced against Albums in general, but I think some of the most beautiful pieces I ever read, are to be found in them. I would, as a subscriber, be much pleased by seeing the following inserted in the Ariel.

LINES IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Here haste, my wild and vagrant muse,
And here thy humble tribute bring,
For thou must brush those chilling dews
Which slumber on thy golden wing.
But thou canst not sublimely soar,
Like brighter Bards in former days,
Nor can the song that thou wouldst pour,
Awake one feeble note of praise.

Then here's the strain my willing lyre
Would freely give to deck thy page,
And may each spark of fancy's fire,
Still hover round thy latest age.

Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A French Nobleman, who had followed Napoleon through several campaigns, when reproached by Louis XVIII. for his attachment to the Emperor, replied, Sire, my ancestors always fought beneath the banners of their country.—Chateaubriand.

It was not that thy glory should dazzle the world,
And thy name be a watchword at victory's shrine,
But tyranny's bolt at my country was hurl'd,
And the breast that repuls'd it, young chieftain, was thine.

Thro' the vallies of France the loud war-trumpet rang,
And the cry of the foeman peal'd high in the land,
From infancy arm'd, like Minerva, he sprang,
And the lightnings of war glittered bright in his hand.

'Twas glorious to see, on the blood-purpled plain,
Where the combat raged deepest, the hero advance,
And the dark-closing columns resisted in vain,
Where he led to battle the eagles of France.

I stain'd my bright sword in the blood of our foes,
When we vanquish'd their hosts on Marengo's proud day,

When the next morning's sun, on the carnage that rose,
Shed its beams on the corpse of the gallant Desaix.

My bosom beat high—to the combat I rush'd,
When our proud banners floated in Germany's gales,
And covered with glory, with victory flush'd,
Like a torrent, we swept through her beautiful vales.

The swift-speeding death shot rang sharp in my ear,
When victory's sun upon Austerlitz rose,
Where the blood reeking steed of the mail'd cuirassier,
Like the thunder-shock broke the array of our foes.

C. M.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR.—At a village Boarding School, not many miles from Philadelphia, the girls, among their other amusements, projected a newspaper for the use of their fellow pupils. It appeared occasionally, as the juvenile editress could find matter to fill it. The communications were copied off into a sheet of letter paper, and it appeared in manuscript. Though a pleasant way of amusing for an hour or two, yet it reached only a few numbers, and was then discontinued "for want of patronage"—as editors say. A number fell into my hands by accident, from which I select the following, written "ON THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD NEWSPAPER."

Yes, come again, and with thee bring
Each pleasing joy thou brought before;
Not Satire's laugh, nor Satire's sting,
But something that may please us more.

Bring forth the wise, the sober word,
Prosaic essay—moral truth,
Let Wisdom's voice through thee be heard,
To light the gladsome path of youth.

Bring for the gay the witty stroke,
The lively tale—the mirthful song,
Or aught that e'er from Genius broke,
Our happiest moments to prolong.

But as for me—I'll read thy page,
Let it be graced with prose or verse,
If filled with wisdom of a sage,
Or yet the love-lorn tale rehearse.

Yes, bring again those strains that woke
The fire of feeling in my breast—
The lyre of genius is not broke,
Its slumbers are not those of rest.

It lingers yet for thee to break
The bonds that fast are o'er thee bound,
The light of song will then awake,
And life and music float around.

A.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Ape.—An ape, which Blumenbach observed for more than a year together, would manage the wood for the stove, and put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid. He was very fond of the fire, like all apes, and would at times singe himself, and afterwards roll in the snow, and then return to the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to examine the specimens with a most laughable grimace. Once he swallowed a piece of arsenic large enough to poison ten Kalmucks: it only produced a violent diarrhoea, and he was quite well again. But once a work on insects was lying on the table: this fellow had studied it with great gravity for an hour; when — came into the room, he found that he had, with great address, pinched out all the beetles of the great plates, and ate them, mistaking the pictures for real insects.—*Med. Gazette.*

Negroes.—Blumenbach also gives a most entertaining account of a little library which he possesses of works written by Negroes, from which it appears there is not a single department of taste or science in which some Negro had not distinguished himself.

A loving husband once waited on a physician, to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. Let her wash them, said the Doctor, every morning in a small glass of brandy. A few weeks after the Doctor chanced to meet the husband. Well, my friend, asked he, has your wife followed my advice? She has done every thing in her power to do it, says the spouse, but she could never get the glass higher than her mouth.

When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

"Law," said Dr. Johnson, "is the last result of human wisdom, acting upon human experience for the benefit of mankind."

Leicester Police.—The wife of a framework-knitter applied to the Mayor for a separation from her husband. The affair was investigated with becoming gravity, when it appeared that the moving cause of the complaint was that her husband "cuts all the crust off the loaf."

When M. de Latour-Mauborg had a leg shot off by a cannon ball, his servant began to weep! "Why are you grieved?" said the brave General to him. "Dost thou not see you will have a boot less to clean?"

The following advertisement was lately published, among others, in a Berlin Paper. "The wife of Mr. St.—, Frederick street, has suddenly disappeared from her husband's house. Whoever brings her back shall be well rewarded with a good beating."

A Provident Bequest.—A gentleman lately deceased, has left by will a sum of five hundred guineas to his wife; adding a clause that she was not to have the benefit of it till after her death, in order that she might have wherewithal to be buried in a comfortable manner.

March of Intellect.—The following is a copy of a bill received by a gentleman in Sheffield from a master chimney sweeper:—"To attendance from Dec. 1826, to Dec. 1827, for sweeping chimneys."

A traveller was tempted to go into a cook's shop by this inscription.—"Roast and boiled at 2d. a head." He was not a little disappointed at two courses of potatoes.

On Friday sennight a travelling sweep, named John Dodd, undertook, for a wager of a quart of ale, to go up a chimney thirty feet high, at the Red Lion porter house, at Bletchington, cry "all up," three times at the top, and come down in the space of one minute, which he did in half that time. He then, for a pint of ale, repeated the feat in the same time.

On Tuesday morning, a young man named Philips, undertook, for a wager of 10l. to jump off the centre of either of the bridges that cross the canal between the Rosemary branch Tavern and Kingsland road; and while descending, to throw a clear somerset, or in other words, to turn over head and heels. This he performed off a bridge below Cambridge Heath.

A curious bet was decided in the City road on Monday morning. J. Chadwick, an active young man, aged twenty-six years, was to walk backwards, and Thomas Taylor, aged 68, was to walk in elogs (6 pound weight) and at the expiration of every minute to turn round his heels twice. They proceeded over the ground appointed with considerable haste; at first it appeared that Chadwick would be the winner, as he kept a little ahead of his fellow traveller; but after passing over two miles, the latter gained upon him, and won the wager by being at the end of the three miles, about half a minute before the other.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several designs have been received since our last—one of which is from Rochester, N. Y. In a few days the choice will be made, and the most approved drawing placed in the hands of the engraver.

Our esteemed friend "S. S." at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, will please accept our grateful thanks for his various kindnesses. The suggestions contained in his letter will be attended to in future. The Prospectus, contained in this number of the Ariel will satisfy him as to the prospects of the second volume.

"T. N. H." of Bloomsburg will find all the numbers in the Post Office which he desires. They were sent a week ago.—We should be glad to do him a favor, if in our power.

THE MOUNTAIN TOMBS.

How strange that thronged tombs should lie
Amidst these lonely hills!
Beneath this solitary sky,
And where this river fills
The air with its perpetual coil,
And ever through the thirsty soil
Its desert tide distils!
The river here alone is heard;
The river and its haunting bird.
The shepherd, as he goes his round,
May halt at times to trace
How years depress the circling mound,
And from each stone efface
The names of those who sleep below;
Memorials graven long ago,
When in this silent place
Perhaps far other sounds were heard
Than the swift river's haunting bird.
Sounds of man's pleasure and distress,
The living frequent tread:
But where are they? This wilderness
Shows scarce a single shed,
And, save the shepherd, to the fold
Or mountain passing, few behold
This city of the dead.
Peace to their sleep, from year to year,
How quietly they slumber here!
And yet above these desert graves
A hurricane hath swept,
Worse than the summer storm, that raves
When tempests long have slept,
Wrath, horror, storms of fire and steel;
Storms such as warring spirits feel,
Long after to be wept;
Storms which tradition kindling tells,
Aroused these slumberers from their cells.
They came in dreams, they met by night
The shepherd on his roam;
They breathed abroad the soul of fight
For altar and for home.
Power sought their children to enthrall,
To cast o'er cot, and kirk, and hall,
From its minacious dome;
Its subtle chains, contrived to awe
Proud nations in the form of law.
Power, on their chainless mountains trod,
And sought to interpose
Betwixt their spirits and their God,
And then the tempest rose!
Then lovers, in the gloaming, here
Loitering, beheld a scene of fear;
They saw the tombs disclose
Their awful guests, stern forms that vowed
Death to the tyrant and the proud.
Then from the hills and wild moors came
The flashing of fierce blades;
Then cries which set the soul on flame
Were heard; and flitting shades,
In martial troops, and forms more bold
Than shades themselves are wont to mould,
Marched out from dens and glades:
And every hut and shealing high,
Thrilled to the spirit of that cry.
The war-shoek came—the fury burst,
And, far and wide, the fire,
In secret to combustion nursed,
Smote thousands in its ire.
It raged—it spread—the assailant now
Lowered to the insulted earth his brow;
And now the oppressed retire,
Their baffled heads in wilds to hide
From maddening power's resurgent tide.
It came in vain. 'Tis thus the dead
Still for their children strive;
Thus, from the darkness of their bed,
Keep liberty alive;
Thus, even as in the present hour,
They live in victory and power,
And from past years arrive
With deathless memories—like a flock,
Peopling the desert and the rock.

A LONDON CURIOSITY.

One of the most attractive wonders now in London is the Diorama, exhibited in Regent's Park, which certainly exceeds in splendour all the productions of the pencil which have fallen under my notice. The building, in which the pictures are exhibited, has been erected at an expense of more than \$20,000. I paid my two shillings, and ascended the stairs to the amphitheatre, the place whence the pictures are seen to the best advantage. This is a circular room, forty or fifty feet in diameter, the floor of which slopes at a considerable angle, and is furnished with seats for the spectators.—Light is admitted from above, through a screen of cloth painted in transparent colours. On the side of the room towards which the slope descends, there is an opening in the partition extending round nearly a quarter of the circle, through which, you look down into one of the most beautiful, quiet valleys among the Alps—"The Vale of Sarnen." A small lake sleeps in the deepest part of the vale, and stretches away round a lofty promontory of a mountain, where it is lost to the eye in a soft blue smoke. A little hamlet, with its rustic church and spire, is quietly seated in a nook of the bank; behind which, and on every side of the lake, the ground rises rather abruptly, and soon begins to assume all the bold and rugged forms of Alpine scenery. The softer and less precipitous sides of the hills are covered with patches of forest flocks and herds, and here and there a shepherd's dwelling. A brawling stream breaks out from the glaciers above, with the fury of a mountain torrent, and scatters its foam down the precipices—the water being actually in motion. In the distance, two or three lofty peaks project their snow clad summits high in the air.

At one time, the whole valley, with its scenery of rocks and woods and waters, lies basking in the light of an unclouded sun. Then, the shadow of a strip of cloud is seen flying across it; or, a shade is gradually drawn over the whole, so deep as to render objects scarcely visible. Sun-shine again breaks forth on the hills; and cottage, tower, and tree stand revealed to sight. Now you barely discern the dim outline of the distant mountains—their snowy summits being thrown into the shade by a passing cloud; but light soon returns, and the glaciers reassume their dazzling whiteness. In short, you seem actually to stand on one of the elevated crags which hang over the vale; you are no longer in London; you are in Switzerland—looking down into one of its most retired and picturesque valleys, and surrounded by the gigantic forms of Alpine mountains and precipices.

A bell rings, and the whole amphitheatre, with its two hundred spectators, begin to revolve; and presently you have before you the interior of Canterbury Cathedral. Never was optical illusion more complete. I tried every possible way to possess myself of the feeling, that the scene before me was a painting on a plain surface; but without success.—The long vista of columns and arches; the windows of stained glass; the partial light streaming through and illuminating in patches the portions of architecture on which it fell; the whole perspective, in short, and the disposition of light and shade, were so natural, as to take wholly away the impression that it was nothing but a picture.

These popular productions are the work of Messrs. Bouton & Daguerre, two Frenchmen, who have been labouring at them for years, and have expended a large fortune in getting them ready for the public. They are now reaping their reward.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

*From the Travels of President Dwight.—
New Haven, 1821.*

Not many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day, into an Inn, in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening; and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time he observed, that he could pay for neither, as he had no success in hunting; but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both drink and the supper; called him a lazy, drunken, good for nothing fellow; & told him she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man, who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, showed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor; thanked him; and assured him, that he should remember his kindness, and whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. For the present he observed he could only reward him with a story; which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said; "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world; and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made light; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made man; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made woman; and took him, and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word. The Indian, having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man, who had befriended him, had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the Southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors, that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded, that he should be given up to her; that she might adopt him in the place of a son, whom she had lost in the war.—He was accordingly given to her; and lived through the succeeding winter in her family; experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian come up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out,—upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions, that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree, as to dissuade him, effectually, from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again; and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologized, awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied, if he would meet him

at the same place on a future day; which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each and follow him. The direction of their march was to the south. The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going; but concluded, that, if the Indian intended him harm he would have dispatched him at the beginning, and that at the worst he was as safe where he was, as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided; although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of his expedition. In the day time they shot such game as came in their way; and at night kindled a fire by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came, one morning, to the top of an eminence, presenting a prospect of a cultivated country in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him, that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an Inn in that town, subjoined, "I that Indian; now I pay you; go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu; and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

THE RINGLET.

A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, in the neat little parlor of Mr. Percy, one cool evening in November, and Helen, with a choice party of young friends, formed an agreeable little circle around it. Helen Percy was not what the world would call handsome, that is, she did not possess regular features—had neither black, nor blue eyes—tresses waving gracefully over her shoulders—nor a skin quite as white as the new fallen snow,—but then there *was* beauty in her face, and a beauty that was richly worth all these—it consisted of *expression*. The feelings of a good and benevolent heart, aided by the graces of a pure and well cultivated mind, cast a lustre over a face that could boast of no other accomplishment, and sure none other was necessary to render it interesting. But Helen's most powerful charm was in her conversation, often sprightly, and always sensible and pleasing, it rendered her ever a most engaging companion.

It was generally known among her acquaintances, that she was betrothed to a young navy officer, who was then, and had been for nearly two years, absent in the United State's service, and who was now daily expected home. Helen was anxious for his arrival, not for the gratification of her own affectionate feelings alone, but the tale of scandal had gone forth, and she wished its course at once arrested. An amiable and worthy young man was in the habit of visiting at the house of Mr. Percy; he knew of Helen's engagement, and his visits to the family were prompted by friendship alone; but others thought differently;—persons were surprised that, in the absence of Clarence Lee, she would sanction the address of another—it was dishonorable thus to traffic with his feelings—in short, she was in their eyes a most heartless coquette. Helen knew these whispers were around her, but she knew also she was wronged; she despised the petty artifices, of those who would construe every friendly feeling into accepted love—and she was resolved it should not be the means of depriving her of a friendship so valuable as that of the innocent mover of it all.

I remarked that a small group were assembled round the fireside of Mr. Percy's house, and on this occasion a stranger was seated among them, who had entered with the company, and yet appeared to be unknown to all: a profusion of light hair fell over his forehead and cheeks, which were also shaded by large mustaches, and he wore a pair of green spectacles over his eyes.

The little party were gay and lively as usual, but there was a sudden stillness in the room, when the stranger, holding in his hand a ringlet of dark brown hair, tremulously asked a lady next to him if that was not a pretty tress.

"It certainly is," was the reply, "and a favorite memento, I presume."

"It was taken, madam, from the bosom of an officer, a friend of mine, who fell from on board one of the United State's vessels during a late cruise; his body was happily recovered, but"

"May I enquire his name?" interrupted Helen, in breathless haste, and unconsciously rising from her chair.

"His name was Clarence Lee."

"And lost over"—the words died upon her lips, and she sunk back insensibly into her seat. The stranger started from his chair, threw off his spectacles, mustaches, and light hair, and in an instant the metamorphosed Clarence Lee was leaning over her chair, and endeavoring to recall her to animation, by repeatedly pronouncing her name in his own natural voice.—Helen at length recovered, cast round a bewildered glance, and scarcely imagined she was in existence, when she beheld her lover by her side.

"Am I not dreaming?" said she, reviving.

"I should hope not," said Clarence, seizing her hand, and eagerly pressing it to his bosom. "I have put thy faith to a sad trial, Helen, but wilt thou not forgive me when I tell thee I was cruelly deceived by others?—they told me thou wert *false* to me, Helen, but this pledge of thy affection, (again displaying the ringlet,) proves their words false, not thee, and that I meet the same fond, faithful heart I left two years ago."

It is needless to remark, that the strategem was readily forgiven, and that Helen, soon after at the altar of hymen, gave herself as a pledge of her love and faith to Clarence Lee.

The following beautiful lines were written by L. Arnold, Esq. of Providence, on the death of Mr. B. B. Marshall, Tyler of St. John's Lodge of Boston, who fell dead immediately on the last brother's leaving the room. I think they have been published in the Boston Centinel. If you give them a place in your paper, you will much oblige a subscriber. J. T. C.

With age, with want, infirmity oppress,
Death said to Marshall, "Thou shalt shortly rest;
I see no reason for thy tarrying here,
But fear of me, and me 'tis vain to fear:—
No wife remains with thee thy grief to share,
No tender infants to demand thy care:
Few are thy comforts, numerous are thy woes,
And few thy friends, but what the Lodge compose.—
Say, with one blow shall I thy soul release,
And send it joyful to the realms of peace?"
The sage replied—"These things, Oh Death, are true:
One boon I ask, and then submit to you;
These genuine friends, those brothers of my heart,
Whom kind affection prompted to impart
The means of living to my feeble age,
And still sustain me tottering on the stage,
This night in social brotherhood convene:—
My wish, O death, would lead me to the scene;
There, when the lodge in harmony shall close,
And each one hasten homeward to repose;
I'll wait thy coming, thy commands obey,
And through thy rigors, meet eternal day."
'Twas reason's claim, nor death refused the grace,
But met him punctual at the time and place.

AUSTRIAN HIGH LIFE.—You will find, in the circles of the nobility, an union of every thing delightful, with that stateliness and solidity which blend the ancient grandeur with modern taste. The picture of Austrian high life is less dazzling than the French, but more solid. There is less extravagance, less variety than in Paris, but infinitely more reality. It is this steadiness which has preserved their wealth, even through centuries, little impaired by the late disasters; while the French nobility, and that of the German States, are generally more or less impoverished. A solid family of the high nobility, will rise early, between six and eight o'clock, if a ball or party of the preceding night has not encroached on the morning. A cup or two of coffee, with a small white roll, (semmel) is the usual breakfast, which is taken *en famille*, with the exception of the youths, who breakfast and dine separately with their tutor. The subsequent hours are dedicated to business. The lord is engaged with his privy or court counsellor, or director of his domains, in the current business, which takes from two to three hours: the reading of English, French, and German newspapers. The lady is all the while busy in her apartments with the supreme regulations of the household: reading, writing, drawing and dressing. At twelve o'clock the visiting hours begin. The lady either pays or receives visits, in which, however, the husband seldom participates. Their apartments are generally separate. As they keep separate carriages, the lady takes her ride at two o'clock, either in the company of her husband, or of her lady companion, in the Augarten, the Prater, or on the Glacis.—At three o'clock dinner is served, attended by the whole family, except the youths, who are only permitted to join them on a Sunday, with their tutor. After dinner, the regular ride is taken, and this is followed by the tea-party, and fruits at six. The theatre, or an evening party, for which the dress is again changed, concludes the day. A court gala, or a grand party, alters, of course, the order of the day. The common hour to sit dinner is three. You are invited by cards; and the invitation is sent according to your rank, either eight or two days before the dinner itself. On entering the mansion of the nobleman, a Swiss will ring the bell: if you are a prince, thrice; if a count or baron, twice; and if a nobleman or gentleman, but once. On the staircase, two jagers (footmen) in rich liveries, with broad hangers and epaulettes, are waiting. They open the doors. One of them takes your hat and conducts you through an enfilade of splendid rooms to the boudoir of the lady announcing your name and your character. You are received by her sitting, with a bow, and the four words, "N—, sie sind well kommen!" (N—, you are welcome,) and if you are on terms of intimacy with the family, you are allowed to kiss her hand.—You enter into conversation with the gentlemen or ladies present for some minutes. The doors open, and the steward announces dinner. The party generally consists of an equal number of each sex; the gentleman takes his partner, with whom he walks to the dining room. There may be twelve, twenty or forty guests; but the party is never thirteen. The first place at the round table is occupied by the hostess. Each guest has assigned his place, so that a lady is always between two gentlemen, and so *vice versa*. The number of courses after soup is three. The first consists regularly of a haunch of deer, followed by sausages and some stimulating delicacies, boiled beef succeeds, with fricasees, puddings, and fish. The second course consists of roasted pheasants, roe, and fowls;

the third, of the dessert. It is fashionable to eat quick; and the twelve or fifteen dishes which compose the three courses, disappear in three quarters of an hour. Carving and helping, is, of course wholly done by the servants. The beverages are exquisite. At the beginning of the dinner, you are asked what sort of wine you prefer. Generally a light Rhenish, or Hungarian Buda wine mixed with water, is the common beverage. When beef is served a glass of Malaga is handed round; at the beginning of the second course, old Johannis-berger, Rudesheim, or Steinwein: the third course is accompanied by a tumbler of Champagne, and the dessert itself is crowned by a liqueur glass of the emperor of wines, the spirited Tokay. Toasts or healths are not fashionable, except on public occasions. The whole dinner takes not more than one hour, after which the company rise; each guest pays the usual respect to the hostess, and each member of the company with a bow; and the same partners conduct the ladies to the next room, where coffee, with liqueur of Trieste and Italy, are served round; the ladies sitting, the gentlemen standing, or as they choose. A conversation of a quarter of an hour ensues; and those not invited for the evening party disappear *incognito*, without bidding farewell to host or hostess.—AUSTRIA AS IT IS.

Root and Branch.—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings, she drank their health, adding, "what a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing the occasion of his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root was under ground."

A merchant who had lately died at Isfahan, and left a large sum of money, was so great a niggard that for many years he denied himself and son, a young boy, every support except a crust of coarse bread. He was, however, one day tempted by the description given by a friend of the flavor of cheese to buy a small piece, but he began to reproach himself with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged the child to do the same with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day that he returned home later than usual, he found his son eating his crust and rubbing it against the door. "What are you about, you fool?" was the exclamation. "It is dinner time, father; and you have got the key, so I could not open the door;—I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal, you'll never be rich!" added the angry miser, as he kicked the poor boy for not being able to deny himself the ideal gratification.

MOVING SPEECH.—An indifferent pleader asked Catules, "Have I not succeeded in making a very moving speech?" "Certainly (said he) for some of your audience pitied you, and the rest walked out of Court."

The following rhymes were appended to a book in 1643. They form an out cry common nearly to all countries and times:

"Wise men labor, good men grieve,
Knave despise, and fools believe;
Help Lord! and now stand to us,
Or knave and fools will quite undo us."

From the London Quarterly Review.

The poem we are about to transcribe is on a subject often treated; and no wonder—it would be hard to find another, which embraces so many of the elements of poetic feeling, so soothing a mixture of pleasant melancholy and pensive hope; such an assemblage of the ideas of tender beauty, of artless playfulness, of spotless purity, of transient yet imperishable brightness, of affections wounded, but not in bitterness, of sorrows gently subdued, of eternal happiness. We know no little of the heart of man, that when we stand by the grave of him whom we deem most excellent, the thought of death will be mingled with some awe and uncertainty; but the blessedness of departed infants, and when we think what they now are, and what they might have been; what they now enjoy, and what they might have suffered; what they now have gained, and what they now have lost; we may, indeed, learn to follow them; but we must be selfish indeed, to wish them again constrained to put on these tenements of pain and sorrow. The dirge of a child, which follows, embodies these thoughts and feelings, but in a more beautiful and order and language.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strewed thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.
Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form!
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower.
That never felt a storm!
The sun beam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.
Thou wast so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
O'er thy sweet innocence;
And thou that brighter home to bless
Art passed with all thy loveliness.
O hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty, fair as brief,
How soon thy brightness had been stain'd
With passion, or with grief!
Now not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.
We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptur'd image there shall mourn,
Ah! fitter for the vernal bloom
Such dwellings to adorn,
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews, must be
The only emblems fit for thee.
Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft upon the midnight air
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.
And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit, visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes;
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine, to messenger of heaven.

A lady had written on a card, and placed in her Garden house, on the top of an hour glass, a beautiful simple stanza from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet; it was at the season of the year when the flowers were in their highest beauty.

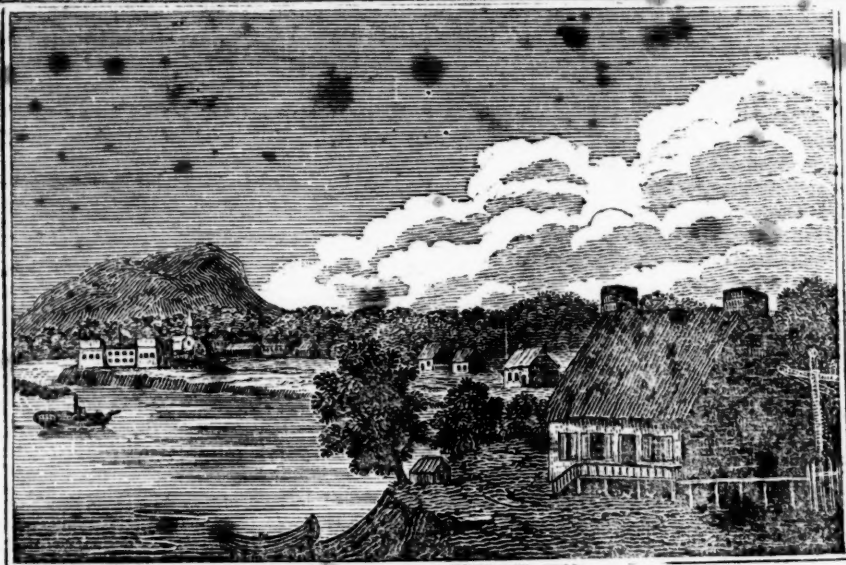
"To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see,
To think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found pencilled on the back of the same card.

"To think when Heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die, shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Ah! where will then my portion be?
How shall I spend Eternity?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The designs from Cayuga county, N. Y., are received since the first side of the Ariel went to press—"A B." will find a letter in the Aurora post office.



BASIN AND FORT OF CHAMBLY.

FROM STANSBURY'S TRAVELS.

After receding a little from the river, and crossing a rapid creek, I advanced within sight of the beautiful basin of Chamblý; a large circular expansion of the Sorel, about two miles over, and having its borders finely cultivated and decked with white farm-houses. Nearly opposite, stood the antique towers of the Fort or Castle of Chamblý, and adjacent the barracks and the spire of the English church, in the village of Chamblý. On the left of the Fort, the waters of Champlain were dashing precipitately down the rocky channel, and furiously foaming where they disembogue, of a sudden mingle gently with the undisturbed waters of the basin. The wild outline of Scotch Mountain, towards St. Johns, abruptly rose above the unvariegated woods of the back-grounds.

Chamblý is populous and very agreeably situated. The venerable fortress, which the French built in 1711, is an object of the highest interest. It is in the form of a square, forty feet high, and two hundred on each side, and having projections at the corners like towers, with three tiers of cannon. A broad archway and portcullis on one side, was guarded by sentinels who permitted me to enter and survey the interior. In the middle is an uncovered rectangle. The walls are about thirty-five feet thick, with vaults, rooms, and windows, like ranges of buildings. I found the open area, strung with soldiers' garments, which the women are busily washing. In 1775 Montgomery, on his way to Quebec, attacked and captured this fort.

Twelve miles hence, continuing close to the rapid and noisy torrent, I entered the important but ill built town of St. John's, and remained there during the night. Beyond this vessels from Lake Champlain cannot penetrate. The lands around it are a dead unproductive level. Most of the business is carried on by Americans, who are as numerous here as French Canadians. Half a mile further, upon the bank, is an old earthen fort with a garrison, which like that of Chamblý, has experienced the fate of being taken and retaken, by French, English, and Americans. Acquainted with the remainder of the Sorel and the scenes of Lake Champlain, I concluded not to wait the two days previous to the departure of a boat for Burlington, and accordingly crossed about nine, to the opposite side of St. John's. Whilst in the middle of the

stream, the Congress, which runs between this and Whitehall, swiftly and majestically approached, and I bade the ferryman to await her arrival. With the martial notes of a horn sounding among the woods, she came forward, and displayed on her flying colors the well known stars and stripes. The sight was gratifying after so long a separation from the United States.

THE BALOON.

BY MISS LUCY ARDEN.

The airy ship at anchor rides;
Proudly heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky,
And now a speck in ether tost,
A moment seen, a moment lost—
She cheats my dazzled eye.

Bright wonder, thee no flapping wing,
No laboring oar, no bounding spring,
Urge on thy fleet career:
By native buoyancy impelled,
Thy easy flight was smoothly held
Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
No cloud at breezy dawn;
No leaf adown the summer tide
More effortless is seen to glide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour
Shall summon from thy airy tower,
Rapid in prone descent;
Methinks I see thee downward borne,
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
Thy breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring fancy's plume sublime—
Thus love's bright wings are clipp'd by time—
Thus hope, her soul elate,
Exhales amid this grosser air,
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by care,
And genius yields to fate.

Horace Walpole called Lord Bacon "the prophet of unborn science, which Newton was afterwards sent to reveal;" and Crowley, enlarging upon this idea, says to him—

"Bacon like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past;
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and showed us it."

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.—The following laughable anecdote is extracted from the *Memoirs of Edgeworth*, and is told of Sir Francis Delaval's electioneering at Andover:—

"His attorney's bill was yet to be discharged. It had been running on for many years, and though large sums had been paid on account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the King's Bench. Among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges there appeared the following article—'To being thrown out of the window at the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill—to loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir F. B. Delaval—Five hundred pounds.' When this curious item came to be explained, it appeared that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis' interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the Mayor and Corporation, inviting them to dine and drink his Majesty's health on his birth day. He, at the same time, wrote a similar invitation to the Mayor and Corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two companies met, complimented each other, ate a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to his Majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment.—'No, Colonel,' replied the Mayor, 'it is to you thanks are due by me and my brother Aldermen for your generous treat to us.' The Colonel replied with as much warmth as good breeding would allow: the Mayor retorted with as downright anger, swearing he would not be choused by the bravest Colonel in his Majesty's service. 'Mr. Mayor,' said the Colonel, 'there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion; permit me to show you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation.' 'Nay, Mr. Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering, there is your card.' Upon examining the cards, it was observed, that notwithstanding an attempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand, by some person who had designed to make fools of them all. Every eye of the Corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who, of course, attended all public meetings. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered, and betrayed himself so fully by his confusion, that the Colonel, in a fit of summary justice, threw him out the window. For this Sir Francis Delaval was charged 500*l*."

TO A.

The glow of my bosom may leave me,
My honor and fame may decline,
But that, my love, never shall grieve me,
While thy pure affection is mine:
The wealth of the world, too, may vanish,
And poverty's dreariness fling
The gloom, that naught earthly can banish,
The shade of a dark demon's wing:
The friends of my youth may prove heartless,
The last earthly transport may fade,
Yet all these sad things shall be dartless
While thou art my own faithful maid.
I'll fly with thee, love, to the mountain;
There's peace in the deep cavern's shade,
Our lives shall flow on like the fountain
In heaven's brightest sparkles arrayed.
We'll wander where flowrets are springing
As fresh as the bright morning dew,
And gather the softest, while flinging
Their perfume, our cavern to strew.
Each day as it flies will have blest us,
Each sigh will expire in delight,
And twined in affection we'll rest us
On pillows of roses at night.